

The Agitator.

"Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

"Such is the irresistible nature of Truth, that all it asks, and all it wants is the liberty of appearing."

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VOLUME III. No 4.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, NOVEMBER 15, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 40.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MY LADY ADAIR.

BY MARY H. WILLEBORG.

Pure as the dewy splendors
That deck the brow of morn;
Soft as the summer twilight
That tints the blooming thorn;
Gentle as vernal zephyrs
That fan the azure eyes;
Of violets as they waken
With a quick and glad surprise,
Was she my own earth angel,
The peerless and the fair;
Nor will the young heart wonder
That I loved my Lady Adair.
Proud as the water lily
Was she in her silver sheen;
Her glee was the brooklet's laughter,
Her cheek the rose-bud's dream.

Lovely as all I have pictured,
Of delicate and rare;
And low as the evening echo
Was the voice of my Lady Adair.
Well do I mind the evening
She sat in the moon-beams sweet,
And brushed from the breast of dasies
The dew with ~~her~~ ^{her} softest face.

Braiding the silken fringlet
Bordering her mantle of blue
As she coyly kissed me in answer
For my young love warm and true.
But there came at length between us
A cloud that shaded the light,
And the Tempter took from my spirit
Each rosy hue in his flight.

My cheek with rage grew ashen
And the fire-flame lit my eye,
While, with the tongue of a demon,
I uttered the passionate lie.
A moment she shivered with sorrow;
Her sweet face bowed with affright
But the answer died all voiceless
As she stood in her virgin light.

She stepped with grace all queenly,
Across the enameled floor;
But her pride was touched with sorrow
As slowly she passed from my door;
Alone through the gloom of midnight
Out through the biting air
From me, with her heart all frozen
Fled my gentle Lady Adair.

Wildly I tossed on my pillow,
Too hard to acknowledge my wrong;
Too proud to receive to my bosom
The lamb I had cherished so long.
Oh, mockingly the morning sunbeams
Streamed over my haggard face,
Oh, woe to me for my treasure
Had found her a resting place!

In the tangled depths of woodland,
Half buried beneath the snow,
With a cold stone for her pillow,
Alas, I had laid her low!
Her blue eyes followed my footsteps;
But stony and cold was their light;
No smile traced I on her love-lips
To shine on my starless night.

I sit by my desolate hearth stone
Alone, and never again
Will I hear from her lips the blessing
To take from my bosom its pain.
All the peace I now can gather
Is out in the shadow there,
When I press my heart on the grave-sod
Which hides my Lady Adair.

There is strength
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
But little the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found?

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.—No. 17.

BY G. B. ROGERS.

We propose in this article to examine the books contained in the Bible, for the purpose of ascertaining if there is anything contained in them, which according to the facts of modern spiritualism might not have been dictated by a Spirit, or any miracles recorded which might not have been performed by a spirit or spirits. In doing this we shall take the books as they stand in our English translation; or as it is called King James' translation. We may not be able to do this in a single article, but we shall be as brief as is consistent with the nature of the subject and a clear presentation of the evidences. In order to do this in as few words as possible, we will recapitulate the conclusions at which we have arrived in the preceding numbers.

First: That the Infinite is without form, being omnipresent.

Second: That an Omnipresent being cannot make a local communication.

Third: That all finite intelligences are equal to each other, in their Infinite relations.

Fourth: That no being can know what took place before he was in existence, only as he judges from present existing facts, presented to his sense.

Fifth: That all finite beings, are parts of the finite universe and are, therefore, created beings, included in the term world.

Sixth: That all finite beings are limited in space, knowledge and power.

Seventh: That the God of Israel is a finite being.

Eighth: That the God of Israel is the progenitor of the Shemitic Race.

We will now proceed with our examination, beginning with the book of Genesis.

That the God of Israel is the author of this book, I suppose we need not stop to prove, as that is acknowledged by all who claim for it inspiration, and space will not admit of our giving more argument than we have given in our preceding articles for the benefit of those who do not.

It follows, then, that the author of the book of Genesis was a finite being. This being the case he could not have known in what manner this universe was brought into existence, or the time when it began to be brought into existence, or the length of time it was being brought into existence, he being a part of this created universe, and that all his statements in regard to it are conclusions drawn from the facts presented to his mind by the examination of things which existed around him. It follows then, that if the statements in the first chapter of Genesis, are proved to be erroneous, as regards the time and manner in which the universe was created, such error is no evidence that the book is not of Divine origin, in other words that is,

was not dictated by a spirit. Neither is it any evidence that the Spirit intended to give a false account. He drew his conclusions from the best means in his possession, and if found to be erroneous, it only proves the scarcity of facts, or his want of skill in arranging them. But the God of Israel, has been shown to be a finite being, and to have been the progenitor of the Shemitic Race.—He could therefore not have known anything about the conduct of Adam and Eve, unless he learned it from them; for all finite intelligences being equal to each other in their Infinite relations, a Spirit out of the body can no more see and converse with the Infinite than a Spirit in the body. All these first chapters of Genesis then, allowing them to be just what they were originally, (and we have the best evidence for believing that they are not,) are only a theory of creation, drawn up by one who had better means of doing it, than any one in the flesh, at the time it was dictated, and it is liable to this objection: That the Spirit was in error in his conclusions, and misinformed as to other facts, such as

good and other statements. It is highly probable that if this book could have come down to us, in language conveying the exact ideas of the Author, it would be much more in harmony with the true theory of creation than it is now. But even in that case, it could only have been a theory, and not the statements of an actual spectator who witnessed the creation of the Universe. There is but one Being who could have witnessed the creation, and that is the Infinite.—And all that he has ever revealed, He has revealed to all finite intelligences through the action of immutable law. He has in this way spread before all men, all the parts and bestowed upon them the mental power of reason, that is to say, the power of perceiving and properly arranging these parts, so as to arrive at true conclusions. Man may choose to use this faculty or he may refuse to use it; and liberty of choosing or refusing renders him an accountable being. It is remarkable that the names of Adam's descendants, given in the fifth chapter of Genesis, are representations of physical and mental development, nearly in the order in which they occur in a race, while progressing from savage to civilized conditions, and in individuals in passing from infancy to age. This fact strongly argues that they were never meant to be understood to represent individuals. The first nine chapters, therefore, cannot be of much use to us. First, because they are only a theory; and second, because the language, as we now have it, is uncertain in its meaning. In the tenth chapter there does not appear to be but one name that is not mythological, and that is Nimrod, and that can be understood either way. The same thing may be said of the eleventh so far as the origin of Abram is concerned. Here we find Nahor, which means hot and dry.—Nahor, or dry heat, begat Terah, which means breath; Terah, or breath, begat Abram, which means a high father, also Nahor and Haran, which

means a mountainous country. The true rendering would be as follows: Heat and drought produced life, and life produced a progenitor, animal heat and the mountains. That animal life produced the mountains geology is fast demonstrating to be true, by showing them to be composed mostly of organic remains. The idea that Abram is a myth, is further strengthened from the fact that Abram and Brama are the same character, and from the idea of the ancient Jews, that at death they should return into Abram's bosom, which is also the idea of the Bramins. This doctrine constitutes part of the controversy between Apion and Josephus. We shall, therefore, dismiss all these chapters, as containing matters which cannot now be understood; and admitting Abram or Abraham, to be a real personage, proceed to the passages in which he is said to have held communion with the God of Israel.

The twelfth chapter of Genesis begins by saying that "the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thou out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing; and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."

All persons acquainted with modern spiritual manifestations know that spirits communicate in one of the following ways:

First. The person, to whom communication is made, is strongly impressed with certain ideas, although not conscious, at the time, of the presence of any spirit.

Second. Hearing words audibly uttered, as when some person is speaking, when no one is visible and no unusual sensation.

Third. Being impressed with ideas, and being conscious of the presence of a spirit, although the spirit is not seen.

Fourth. Being impressed, and seeing the spirit but hearing no words spoken by the spirit.

Fifth. Seeing the spirit and hearing his words.

Sixth. During sleep, in dreams or visions.

Rapping, moving furniture and other physical manifestations may be considered, perhaps, as the seventh mode of spiritual communication.

In which of the above ways the communication above quoted was made we have no means of knowing. But in the seventh verse of the same chapter, we are told that the Lord appeared and spoke to Abram. Of the manner in which God informed Pharaoh that Sarah was the wife of Abram, we are also ignorant; only he plagued him and his house. But in the twelfth chapter we are told that God came to Abimelek in a dream and told him that Sarah was the wife of Abram.

The case of Abraham's servant, in obtaining Rebecca for Isaac comes properly under the head of physical manifestations or casting lots. This method of ascertaining the will of the Lord is very common in succeeding books. It is nearly allied to rapping, and is a method by which an answer may frequently be obtained by those who are not in a condition to obtain an answer in any other way. It is not, however, to be relied on, as the answer may be the result of accident, as in casting lots, some result must always happen, whether under the control of a spirit or not. Persons, therefore, are liable to be mistaken, and to suppose the result to be that of spirit action when no spirit has interfered. Thus we are warranted in concluding that many things supposed to be the words of the Lord, may be the mistakes of those who were seeking, by these mysterious means, to obtain answers to their inquiries.

The cases of 'seeing and conversing with spirits' are too numerous to be all cited in this article. But

as they are so very common at the present time it is unnecessary. There is scarcely a neighborhood and in some neighborhoods scarcely a family, that has not one person in it possessed of this faculty. A few of the most interesting cases and we will pass the rest unnoticed.

In the case of Hagar, related in the sixteenth chapter of Genesis, the spirit with whom she conversed was not the Lord, but a messenger of the Lord's. The fact of God's sending messengers; is one of the strongest evidences that he is not Infinite. For how is it possible to imagine that the Infinite would send a messenger, if He was himself present, and all finites are equal to each other in relation to him, and he can perceive no difference in these finites as regards noble or ignoble qualities? When the greatest monarch on earth can have no better claim to the right of speaking to the Infinite than the meanest beggar? In the eighteenth chapter is an account of the seeing of three spirits at the same time; one of which was the God of Israel. The other two were Angels or messengers, who went on to Sodom, while the God of Israel remained and talked with Abraham a short time and then went "his way." (Verse 33, also verse 22 and chapter xix: 1.) These passages have frequently been quoted by those who consider the words, God, Lord and Lord God, as synonymous with Infinite, to show the absurdity of the Bible. But if, as these spirits claim, they were only finite (see xix: 22) there is nothing so very ridiculous or absurd in the story.

The circumstances connected with the birth of Isaac, are also claimed as miraculous. It is true that no case of this kind has occurred, so far as we know, in modern spiritualism. But the power of a spirit over a living body is such, as to leave little doubt in the minds of those who have witnessed their operations in cases of disease, that they might be able to restore tone to organs weakened by age, to a sufficient extent to produce such an effect. I have myself known a patient to be cured of an eating cancer, which had bled for days, until from the loss of blood, the stomach had become so weak that a teaspoonful of cold water taken into it would produce nausea and vomiting, the day of the recovery being set by the spirit, at my request, when I was nearly a mile distant from the patient, and the patient ignorant of what I was doing or of my intention of making the request or consulting any spirit. The patient at the time of making the inquiry was unable to move or speak a loud word; and the cure was completed on the day set by the spirit, and without the presence or interference of any known medicine, or the exhibition of any known medicine. I have also had a patient cured in the same way, of what was supposed to be consumption while the patient was seven hundred miles distant from me. In this case the patient, by letter, requested me to consult the spirit in her case. I could mention numerous other cases equally miraculous. Now, if the spirits can produce such effects as these upon the diseased human system; is it absurd to suppose, that they could have invigorated the system of a healthy old person for an especial purpose. Sarah lived to be a hundred and twenty-seven years old, and Abraham to the age of one hundred and seventy-five. Such persons must necessarily have been possessed of vigorous constitutions.

In the fifteenth chapter we are told that the Lord came to Abraham in a vision. What is meant by the term vision in this place, we do not know; but suppose that it is synonymous with trance. Jacob's vision of the ladder, related in chapter twenty-eighth, is called a dream, and is said to have taken place while he was sleeping. There are so many now who see visions and dream dreams, that the thing is coming to be better understood now than it was

at the time the book of Genesis was written. Jacob's vision, chapter xxxi: 10; Laban's dream 24; Joseph's two dreams xxxvii; the dreams of Pharaoh's Butler and Baker, xl; and Pharaoh's dreams, xli; all belong to what is now called clairvoyant dreams. My attention was called to this class of dreams more than twenty years ago, and I then commenced the investigation of the subject. The course which I pursued was on every favorable occasion to relate some ease of this kind of dreaming to those present, when some one or more of the company would relate a dream of his or her own, with the "coincidences" which followed. In this way I discovered that the cases of clairvoyant dreaming were much more frequent than I had supposed, and that hardly any person existed who had not had one or more of these dreams. I also discovered that the mental action was of four kinds.

First, The dreamer saw places and persons, just as they existed at the time of the dream, a fact which he discovered afterwards. Second, He saw events which were taking place at some distance, at the time of the dream; and heard the conversation of persons engaged in them. Third, He saw events which had transpired sometime before, but of which he was ignorant at the time of the dream. Fourth, He saw events which took place just as represented in the dream, some time afterwards. In examining the works on mental philosophy I find numerous instances of these dreams related, which are very curious. But the most curious thing about them is the manner in which the writers explain the cause. This may be summed up in just three words, Imagination and Curious Coincidence.

One would be led to believe, from reading the remarks on this subject, that the writers were intent on disproving the existence of a God and the immortality of the soul. Few writers take pains to relate these dreams, unless the subject of them is Rung, a Duke, a Bishop or some one of high rank. If the whole literary and scientific world had been intent on disproving the doctrine that all men are created equal, they could hardly have been more careful in relating these subjects. Yet I have found that in the poor neglected in this world, these dreams are quite as vivid and true to facts as in those claiming to be their betters; and seemingly much more frequent. Perhaps this is because the conditions are more favorable; or they are not as careful to abstain from relating them, for fear of being ridiculed by their companions. Moral courage is not a plant which flourishes in the soil of the upper tendon, and truth is as frequently found in rags and calico as in broadcloth and satin.

Visions are not as common as dreams, at least I have not found as many who related them, until within a few years. Perhaps this may be owing to the fact, that having got the idea of something called imagination, there is an uncertainty resting on the mind whether anything has happened or not, and consequently they do not like to relate their visions. It is only when the vision is very remarkable, that anything is said about it. Visions are usually explained by the term imagination; a term which means that nothing was seen, or that nothing has happened; at least nothing which the philosophers are able to explain. And, although these with us, are ready to admit that people saw Spirits and even the Infinite God thousands of years ago, they seem to talk as though he had grown too old and decrepid to continue his visits or even to send his messengers to look after this world at the present time. In short, he has like other very old people, come to neglect business entirely and both he and the Devil, with all their angels, have left us poor mortals to take care of ourselves unmolested, ever since the appointment of his Vicegerent in Rome. Perhaps they are right, since all which they, the angels, have done since or have appeared to do, is to assist the priesthood in keeping the world in ignorance. In our next we will examine a few cases in the other books. As the cases examined in the book of Genesis covers almost all the ground, we shall only examine the most curious features of those related in the remaining books.

Chagrin Falls.

THE AGITATOR.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor.

Mrs. FRANCES O. HYZER, Corresponding Editor.

OFFICE ON SUPERIOR ST., A FEW DOORS EAST OF PUBLIC SQUARE.

CLEVELAND, O., NOVEMBER 15, 1859.

REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS.—Frances H. Green; Frances E. Hyer; S. J. Finney; Cora Willburn; G. B. Rogers, M. D.; Hudson and Emma Tuttle; Mary H. Willbor; T. S. Sheldon; Sarah C. Hill and M. Durais.

Those who receive a specimen copy of the AGITATOR, may understand that they have been invited to subscribe for it and obtain subscribers.

THE HARPER'S FERRY WAR.

Everybody has, by this time, heard of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. There are but few who do not know that on Sunday night the 16th of October, Capt. John Brown, with a score of men, took possession of the United States Armory, imprisoned twice their number, and for two days, kept at bay two thousand armed men. But the terrible conflict ended; the victors were vanquished. Three of the twenty fled to the mountains; others through the gate of death to the land of Freedom, the other six are in a Virginia jail.

The first news of the insurrection sent a chill, a terror, akin to death, to the great human heart. The first questions were: "What will the end of these things be?" "Will the nation be divided against itself?" "Will a people, weary with oppression, rise up and write with blood the history of their captivity, sufferings and deliverance?" These questions are unanswered—the Future will reply.

What a consternation twenty—nay, seventeen men can make! Brave Old Virginia, the mother of heroes, grows pale with terror and asks in her sorrow the United States troops to protect her from a score of foes. The whole nation, with her legion of well trained soldiers; with her wealth of powder, muskets, spears and cannons trembles to-day with the memory of the 17th and 18th days October. The Democrats saw in the Harper's Ferry war a fine opportunity for political capital. So they cried "Behold the great evil brought upon us by the non-worshippers at our shrine!" The terror stricken Republicans replied, "We know not these men." Many of the friends of Capt. Brown, and his comrades, remember how dear is life and are clearing their skirts of all knowledge of the contemplated insurrection.

Giddings, Hale, Forbes and Plumb are quite oblivious of Capt. Brown's intentions. That they are honest there is no doubt, that their sympathies are on the side of humanity is equally true. Greeley has strangely forgotten his Kansas correspondent, John Kagi; Copeland, hoping to save his life, has turned traitor. Not a few who encouraged Mr. Brown in his hazardous undertaking talk now of "Brown the maniac—the reckless, death-defying Brown." Gerrit Smith is silent and Frederick Douglass, like any sensible man, feels the great importance of breathing English air.

But still there are a few fearless out-spoken hearts who cling lovingly, tenderly to John Brown of Ossawatomie. In this trial hour they will be true to that love and will not put under ban the brave words that spring from their hearts to their lips. Mrs. Sturtevant, the only implicated woman, in

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The cases of seeing and conversing with are too numerous to be all cited in this article.

To-day Freedom's noblest champion lies in prison upon a pallet of straw awaiting his doom. He will die upon the gallows. Even now souls, mis-called human, are clamorous for his death, and are looking to the 2d day of December as to a great gala day—a *blood-feast*. Governor Wise will sign the death warrant, and Christian hands will lead the hero of Harper's Ferry forth to die; and a Christian Minister, perhaps, will be there and, in the language of Judge Parker say: "May God have mercy on your soul."

Amid jeers and tears, curses and laudations, the spirit of John Brown will be loosed from earth. But at the grave's portal the world will not leave him. Three-fourths of the people will applaud the taking of his life. Little children will listen to the story of the execution and their childish lips will be taught to say, "Well done." But in the years to come they will make a pilgrimage to the old man's grave, and strew it with flowers and consecrate the sod above the pulseless heart with tears. So goes the world.

"To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

Of the wisdom of Capt. Brown's scheme it is not time to judge. To the uninitiated it certainly seems a reckless waste of life, but if the facts were known—if it was known upon whom and how many he had reason to rely for assistance, quite another verdict might possibly be rendered. There was deep significance in poor Thompson's last words:

"You may kill me, but it will be revenged, there are eighty thousand persons sworn to carry out this work."

We have no love of bondage and little faith in the mission of blood—both belong to the life of Force. What we have hated most, and labored hardest and longest to curse and abolish, is the slavery of Woman; still we love and venerate Capt. Brown for his large-heartedness, for his Christian sympathy for "those in bonds," and for his principles now Death in terror stands at his gate. He has but lived the doctrine that teaches, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God;" and those who condemn him should also condemn the teaching of Jesus and the Revolutionary Fathers.

Capt. Brown and his friend, Kagi, spent several weeks in Cleveland last Spring. Those who had the pleasure of their acquaintance held them in high estimation. We say, in all frankness, that we never had any great love for the name of Brown till we looked into the honest face of the bravest, truest of the family—John, of Ossawatomie.

The 2d day of December will be a dark day in American history. On that day Justice will veil her face; Mercy put on sack-cloth, and Pax, the eldest born of heaven, manacled and thorn-crowned, will raise to God her tearful eyes and ask how long she is to be gagged by the Pulpit, anathematized by the Press and cursed in Congress Halls.

But to the world there cometh a brighter day—a day when Republicanism and Christianity will not be great words meaning nothing. There cometh a time when Americans will not boast of freedom and still hold in bondage four millions of American citizens; when they will not pride about "Individual Sovereignty," and then deny woman the right to self-rule.

The death knell of John Brown will be the tocsin of liberty. The Potomac will bear the sound on to the sea and the sea repeat it the world around; the lofty Alleghanies will echo the alarm, and an hundred hills will answer to Freedom's call.

The sun of December 2d, 1859, will rise upon Nation that has learned to love Humanity and to respect human rights. Righteous judges will then rule the people in righteousness. Those who make a pilgrimage to this planet on that day, will find traced side by side the names of John Brown, Louis Kossuth, Joseph Mazzini and George Washington.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE CHILDREN.

As we near the Holidays and see Gift Books going to the printers for grown people we have wondered if Children were going to be remembered. There may be plenty of books for them; but will they teach true and loving lessons? It is not, however, to be relied on, as the answer is not the result of accident, as in casting lots. Persons, therefore, result must always happen, whether under the control of a spirit or not. Persons, therefore, are to be mistaken, and to suppose the result twelve for \$2. A liberal discount to wholesale dealers. Send that of spirit action when no spirit has inter your address to the Agitator office, or to Mrs. Frances H. Green, Providence, R. I., or Mary H. Willbor of the same place.

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EDITORIAL ITEMS.

S. J. FINNEY has gone to Boston to spend the winter in preaching the new gospel in and about Boston. His address will be care H. F. Gardner, M. D. 42 Essex street, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Finney is now revising his Lectures for publication in book form. The principal portion of the book has been published in the Agitator. A few pages will be added not before published. The book will be interesting and useful to this and the next generation. No person should be without a copy.

WENDELL PHILIPS's speech was too long for this number.

WE HAVE A series of articles from Mr. Finney upon the "Prophecies and Miracles." They are among the best things he has written. We shall commence the publication of them in a few weeks.

TO BE PUBLISHED in the next number, an interesting letter translated from the French, by Professor M. Duruis; "To Mary Willbor," a poem, by Cora Willburn; Priestly Rule, by J. L. Smith.

WE HAVE several poems on hand that contain good thoughts, but the rhythm is too dexterous for publication.

We have, also, several tales well enough written, but as we must select from the great amount of matter sent, we take what seems to us will be most acceptable to progressive minds.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—S. P. Chase has appointed Thursday, the 24th day of November as a day of Thanksgiving.

THE ABOLITIONISTS have appointed December 2d as a day to pray and to pledge anew their hearts and hands to the sacred cause of Liberty.

READ the eighth page. Every one who writes especially for the press, should purchase a book in our office—"The Right word in the Right Place.

We have for sale Fowler & Wells' Illustrated Phenological Almanac for 1860. Price 6 cents; postage 1 cent.

WE HAVE ON hand several articles from Cora Willburn.

PARKER PILLSBURY and B. S. JONES, of the Anti-Slavery Bugle, spoke in Cleveland, on the 8th inst. giving their views of Slavery, the Union and Capt. John Brown. The gospel they preach is not exactly pleasing to the Theologian or to the Unionist, but it is the true, living, breathing gospel nevertheless.

Want of room prevents our giving a synopsis of the remarks. But had we the space it would be like painting a thunder storm—the rain and thunder and lightning would be wanting.

LITERARY NOTICES.

New Books received and for sale at the Agitator office, 288 Superior street.

THE CURSE ENTAILED, by Harriet Hamlin Bigelow. Price, \$1.25; postage 20 cents.

This is an Anti-Slavery book that just now will be read with great interest. The author says she has written the book because the necessity is laid upon her. A good reason and she has written a good book.

THE BIBLE A GUIDE TO HEAVEN, by George B. Smith. Price 25 cents; postage 3 cents.

Those who regard the Bible as a "guide to heaven" should most certainly read this excellent book.

"HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST," by Wash A. Danskin, Baltimore, Md. Price, 25 cents; postage 4 cts.

Mr. Danskin has told a plain, sensible story; giving the best of reasons for becoming a Spiritualist. We take pleasure in recommending the book to those investigating Spiritualism.

THE PUBLIC VISITOR, published by E. James & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., has united with the Woman's Advocate, and Josephine E. Dewes has taken the Chair editorial, beside Jas. Lawrence Rightmyer. We shall expect bitter and brave thoughts from the united heads. That's not saying we have not had already as good things as a single head can produce.

The Public Visitor is published every Saturday; subscription price 50 cents per year.

THE ANALYST has been changed into a weekly. G. A. Spence and M. H. Allardt, are its publishers and proprietors. Price 1.50.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED.—In the number for Nov. 10th, will be commenced "The Schoolmaster's Wooing."

THE SPIRITUAL CLARION, Uriah Clark, Editor. Our brother seems at times to be suffering from severe bilious attacks, and we learn with regret that the Agitator has often induced those terrible spells. We have been aware of this part, and have often mailed the paper to him in sorrow, knowing the effect it would produce.

He had an attack about the 3d inst., judging by the paper of that date.

In these working days, when the dearth of strong men is so great, it seems a thousand pities that a man, claiming to be a worker, should manifest so strong symptoms of hydrocephaly.

Dr. BRONSON'S BLOOD FOOD we are glad to know is producing a great good among the afflicted.

The following letters, from gentlemen well known in New York, to Dr. Bronson will tell their own story:

"DR. BRONSON, SIR.—It may not be valueless to you, to know that I have used the Combined Hypophosphates and Pyrophosphates, or Blood-Food, in several cases, and uniformly with success; and that I am convinced they are a nearer approximation to the means of a radical cure of those cases of Chronic Disease for which they are prepared, than any other Medical Agencies known to the Pharmacopeia.

I recommend these Preparations, as I am naturally desirous that they should be more widely tested and adopted, than by the experience, and in the narrow circle of my practice."

R. K. BROWN,
New York, Sept. 18, 1859. 120 West Broadway."

Another Letter from Professor Colburn.

DR. BRONSON, SIR.—The following case affords additional evidence, if any was needed, of the efficacy of your Blood Food, which has done so much for me. Some four or five months since, I was called upon to give vocal music lessons to a young lady of this city, and at my first interview with her, I saw from her pale and emaciated countenance, her hacking cough, and the hectic flush on her cheeks, her shortness of breath and faint articulation, that she was fast verging to Consumption, of which disease she lost a sister about a year and a half ago. I informed her of my fears, and told her that the disease must be arrested at once, or it would soon be too late. I concluded to give her only one lesson a week, (which was all she could bear,) and recommended her to take your Life-Restoring Preparations, and exercise her voice and chest with gymnastic exercises, at least an hour a day, at different times. She followed my advice faithfully, and in one week, when I went to give her the second lesson, I found her health greatly improved and her cough cured, and she could sustain a tone the usual length of time without difficulty. I have watched this case with a lively interest to see if the cure would be as enduring as it seemed to be complete. This week she resumed her lessons, and it is only necessary for me to say, (using her own words to me,) that "she is now in perfect health."

I would add, in reference to myself, that my physical strength has not been so good for twenty-five years.

Yours, for the good of suffering humanity,

MARCUS COLBURN,
New York, Sept. 15, 1859. 202 Sixth Avenue."

Dr. Bronson has now ready for sale his promised preparations, No. 4, Woman's Restorative; No. 5, Man's Regenerator. For sale at this office. Read advertisement.

THE POOR have not been quite forgotten. We saw, the other day, two half grown boys, who owned, just then, the happiest hearts that ever beat. They had seen a poor widow minus fuel, flour and shoes. The boys gave generously of their own funds and asked others to do the same. In a short time these young missionaries saw a poor family made joyful by dint of their exertions. Why will not others follow the noble example of these human-hearted fellows?

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

We hope to be pardoned for giving to the public what was only intended for the home-circle. A good thought, a beautiful idea, and plain, out-spoken truths belong to the public,—and to the public they shall be given, if the writers do not object.

* * * * * The last Agitator brought me a gentle hint that another dollar was requisite to my happiness for a year to come. Inclosed please find the same, and govern yourself accordingly.

The last year's dollar was the greatest dollar I ever invested. It brought me more food, spiritually and intellectually, than I had anticipated or even hoped for. Thanks to kind spirits, Brother Chase and all others who were instrumental in making me acquainted with the Agitator and "Agitatress"—and may God and good spirits enable you to provide a like repast for the coming year.

Speaking of Bro. Chase, I will say that we are to have the "Old War Horse" in Lawrence next Sunday.

Father Clure and his daughter Susie, were with us last Sunday. We had services in the morning, afternoon and evening; and the Hall (same one you spoke in when here) was crowded to its utmost. "Little Susie" is an angel, if ever there was one, either in or out of the form. She reads and recites her selections with surprising beauty and truthfulness, as you well know. "Over the River," and "Out in the Cold," were recited with so much feeling and pathos, that many, very many faces gave evidence that their eyes rolled in fountains of waters. She comes again in two or three weeks.

We continue our meetings every Sunday; they are well attended. Our Sunday School, too, is a

gem in its way,—it numbers about forty scholars, and a great deal of interest is manifested on the part of the scholars. Some of our Clergy desire to know what we are teaching our children. On being informed by the writer that the lesson at that time was Christ's Sermon on the Mount, replied:

"Very likely some such cloak will be used to cover up the real object."

I replied: "Spiritualism, unlike most doctrines dispensed by so-called Christian ministers, needs no cloak, nor never had one. It stands up before you in its naked simplicity, and challenges you to doff your cloak and mask. Dare you do it?"

Yours Respectfully, J. C. B.

—
New Orleans, La., Sep. 25, '59.

* * * * * I am glad Mr. Sterling is reviewing Mr. Smith. I hope a rejoinder from the latter will be forthcoming. Two men more earnest for the truth could not be found to meet in discussion on the subject. Good must result from it.

I well remember with what eager interest I read Gerrit Smith's first expression in favor of Woman's rights to the elective franchise. It gave me a hope I had not dared exercise before, when such a man was found advocating the scouted doctrine.

Mr. Smith is not so blind as not to know that a large share of the legal marriages are not natural marriages—"can't-help-it marriages"—but he seems to think, with L. A. Hine, that they had better "tough it out," for a kind of terror to the unmarried.

If it is a sin to marry from other than "can't-help-it" motives, why not in this case as well as in others, "cease to do evil, and learn to do well?" Shall the penitent sinner be forbidden to forsake his sins? In the name of the God of Purity, must a woman prostitute herself all her life long because, in her youth and ignorance she has sold herself? Must she continue to deepen the guilt resting upon her soul, as long as she is permitted to live? God forbid—not only for her sake, but for the sake of saving the world from those discordant "unstudied incidents" which result from such wicked unions. But why am I talking all this to you, my sister, as though you needed light? You who know so well whether a true soul can live in unholy wedlock and have a "conscience void of offence;" and who knows, too, whether the conscience can be quieted by breaking the hated legal bonds, and facing the scorn of those who worship the lower law, who hold sacred laws sanctioned by a Government which Mr. Smith very appropriately terms a "conspiracy against natural rights."

I begged of you in my last letter to spare your body and brain, and save yourself, if possible, from the fate of our dear sister, Cora Smalley; but when I think of ALL, I do not wonder that you venture upon another volume of the paper, although you expect to be taxed severely.

L. SEXTON.

Osseo, Oct. 18, 1859.

* * * * * I am very glad to learn that there is to be a "sifting" of reformers. May good men and spirits see that the work is faithfully performed. I am ready to pitch in and contribute my mite whenever I can find a chance.

We have just passed through one of the most exciting political contests which I ever saw. Our war and rallying cry has been, "Equal Rights to All;—Homes for the Homeless," and "No Taxation without Representation." At all events that is the ground that I have worked upon, and many others with me; and we have come out of the fight victorious. Our nominees are pledged for the Homestead Bill, to the end of the chapter.

Good for Minnesota, the youngest and fairest sister in the Confederacy.

W. S.

MT. GILEAD, Morrow Co., O., Oct. 27, 1859.

EDITOR AGITATOR;—It is singular how ignorant the opposers of the Harmonial Philosophy are; they imagine the spiritualists, as a mass, are an awful set of beings—combining all the iniquities of every low passion in the land. Many of the ladies are afraid to go and hear a Spiritual Lecture, lest they shd be subjected to all manner of indecencies. A few days ago, while lecturing in L—, I had no lady auditors the first evening, and in order to draw them out the second evening, the audience agreed to invite them and assure them that the "lecturer said nothing that was uninstructive, or unchaste." The next day, several ladies called on me, and finding that I was not dangerous, they came to hear me lecture. That evening several professors attended; all seeming well pleased.—The next evening, after concluding, I was accosted by a Methodist minister, with: "If you'd only join our Church and preach in that way, you'd be a great light among us." A Presbyterian also wondered why I "didn't join their Church, for I could get \$2,000 per year." A Quaker said it was "good Quaker doctrine." A Unitarian said, "he didn't know before that the Spiritualists believed as our Church did;" and thus the remarks went round. Well, the facts are, the Spiritualists have gathered all the kernels of truth round which all the Churches cluster, and being the fulfillment of their prophecies; the reality of all their forms, the unfoldment of all their beautiful or genuine germs; hence each denomination finds in Spiritualism its own central truth, hence, all feel at home. But after they have tasted of the food containing all the elements of truth, they will hardly be satisfied to dwell in clouds of darkness, containing but one element of light.

L. M. A.

We clip the following from the New Brighton Times. Hope some hater of spiritualism will accept Mr. T.'s proposition:

EDITOR NEW BRIGHTON TIMES: I am not desirous of controversy, but as there have recently been many misrepresentations made here, prejudicial to Spiritualism and its defenders, and in order that its real claims may be set forth, and that both sides may be heard, I propose, Mr. Editor, with your consent, to discuss in your columns, the following question, with any Clergyman or Layman in this vicinity, who may be considered an acknowledged representative of the Anti-Spiritual theory.

"Do the Spirits of departed human beings continue to manifest their presence, power and intelligence to their friends who remain on earth?"

The arguments to be based upon well authenticated facts—upon the evidences recorded in the Bible, and upon human testimony in all ages. Believing with Jefferson, that "Error is harmless so long as Reason is left free to combat it," and that "any theory, hypothesis, philosophy, or institution that fears investigation, openly manifests its own error." I desire to cherish no theory or opinion that will not stand this ordeal.

Any person accepting this proposition, will address Box 18, New Brighton Post Office.

MILO A. TOWNSEND.

Oct. 13, 1859.

GERRIT SMITH INSANE.

The telegraph brings the sad intelligence that Gerrit Smith is insane, and has been taken to the Utica Asylum.

MARRIED;

On the 20th of Oct., at California, by J. M. Hall, CHARLES CHADWIC, of Jamestown, and Miss HARRIET A. BURDICK, of the same place.

Also at the same time and place, E. B. LOUDEN and EUNICE E. BURDICK.

DIED;

In Providence, R. I., on the 10th inst., of paralysis, Mrs. DEBORAH FINNER, wife of Mr. Nicholas A. Fenner, in the 48th year of her age.

A LETTER.

BY L. JUDD PARDEE.

CINCINNATI, October, 1859.

To E. S. A.—, BOSTON: It is now over three months since I left your city for this department of the united empire of States; and, having tarried for lecturing purposes at several places, I propose to drop you a few thoughts indicative of the state of Spiritual things therein, as also of the needs of us as Spiritualists—thus and so, as either address the perceptions of your correspondent. Of course I am not to quote the price of pork, nor enter into an estimate of the wheat and corn crops of this extended Ohio State. All such matter finds other evangelists to appropriate spheres. Spiritualities—not at all, by the way, in antagonism with Naturalities, though the pushing fighter against *Materialities*—demand from their advocates and devotees primal and especial attention. There can be no true conjugalism before men between these two—the inner and the outer—till their respective relations to each are understood. The Kingdom of Heaven is without as well as within.

Leaving the Eastern Athens, then, I proceeded *via* Providence, R. I., and came this way-ward. Providence is a fine field to labor in, assuredly—for quite a numerous number there are enthusiastically interested in the goods and uses of the new unfolding, and in the universal spread of its earthly dominion. Still, I cannot but think a greater number here as elsewhere, as yet, are the rather phenominalists than internalists, and would rather listen to repeated *fusilades* against and bombardments of Biblical literature and a rapidly collapsing theology, than give ear to something which, if not pleasing and titillating to the mental palate, might, at least, be invested with the spirit of suggestiveness. Nevertheless, there are minds, too, and not a few at P., who sincerely desire to get at, if possible, the *profounds* of this thing, and whom no treatment of a question save the searching, plumbing or exhaustive one will fully satisfy. Indeed, there are ones here of Celestial tendencies and perceptions—such rejecting nothing because it is new, despising nothing because it is old. But the women must take precedence; many here are fine, open and high in tone, with minds not fixed fast to the post of a previous belief, nor blocked up, as some Western rivers are filled with snags, by the *debris* of prejudice—full of smoke, this, if not of vital life. They are open to the new and welcome it as coming. By-and-by this vision of the Cornucopian-ness of the Harmonian Electric Philosophy will become the common one, not as now the relatively rare. The great new trinity-Dispensation of Truth, Love and Wisdom, fast flowing out upon us, will be accepted as full of resource, and *constructive* as well as iconoclastic and suggestive. The pendulum of thought has swung one way prodigiously since this second Advent; it must swing back again and note that way in unison with the Celestial of the Infinite. Let us seek a view high and profound and many-sided.

Stopping at Cleveland, where the Summer glories were regnant round the white habitations of its dwellers, it was given me to tarry four Sundays and lecture on each. Not much change shows itself since last I was here. Two ringing sheets, you know, are published in the Forest City—reform papers managed by women and men, not men and women. A number of advanced and advancing minds keep fresh that love for the useful and beautiful of Truth long since kindled within them; while others have stopped still, and fearful of the future and doubtful of the divine tendency of the Cause, are disposed to make a final halt. So have I seen a piece of timber floating down a stream and apparently possessed with instinct, make for some inlet or a sandbar, seemingly resolved to go no farther; but it was *subjective* to the current, not outside of it—the reaching arms and gathering impetus of this swept the floater afar down at last. Is any one, in any sense, objective to the stream of progress? Let us be mild, and pliable, and charitable and patient then. There comes to all such, I think—to all such sooner or later—an understanding of the corollaries of a soul-progression and of immortality. If bound for New York, while sojourning at Cleveland, we do not get there, I estimate, by taking the train for Chicago. It is exceedingly hard, too, to kick against the pointed pricks of truth. This last stands invulnerable, and no man's manners of thought or life can lessen its native dignity. Besides, what we estimate as "most horrid" may, after all, if we have but the opened and cleansed vision, gradually grow in estimation. Are not the so called damned less put upon now than formerly, as the originators and sustainers of this many sided movement?

Generally, throughout all the West, however, more largeness, liberality, fearlessness and searchingness of soul is made manifest in Reform-circles than elsewhere. They do say that from the above-lives, down streaming, come richer and grander inspiratory flows upon these Western domains; and that, where the Mississippi rolls his turbid flood and far around, millions of the disembodied sow the seeds of a vast and high and *ransacking* Reform. Many, indeed, all over the land begin to feel great needs herewith—in connection, I mean, with the several tendencies of the movement. As it is given me to interpret them, I find mainly *three*. Each man tells as he

sees or feels. Insight and inspiration, the dual forces, may tell a big tale whose pith shall be a grand reality—a reality seen as such on the outer more and more.

What are the great needs we have? Are they not? first: of a *Unitary* and Unitizing system of Philosophy, recognizing and explicative of the varied forms of Science and Religion, able to connect all the threads of all the systems, and out of the past that has been, the living present that is, and the anticipated future that is to be, with *eclectic, composite and constructive* spirit, present to us a beautiful and harmonious and shining *oneness*. We need, indeed, the Celestial Truth-Dispensation foretold by the man Christ Jesus, and do I think the signs of the times indicate its advent. That revolution—(amongst the ones of the present three prominent *spiritual-revelators*—Davis, Harris, Spear)—invested with universality, eclecticism, constructiveness—and thus and so with a large and all embracing divinity—that is what we want now. No partial or one-sided system will suit. Are not all systems grained with Truth? Bacon and Aristotle are *both* true. Monarchy and Republicanism and every form of Religion—are they not, in some essential particulars, pillared and sustained and kept from the dissolution of the dead by a divine *reality instant* with them? We must see to this, and get the offering of a divine wholeness.

Next; we need, a new universal, rational and *organizational* Religion, stamped with the above mentioned characteristics—a church of progress and of principles, a living power in the land and the central one. When men can dissolve their own spiritual forms or tear the sun from his sphere, then will organizations cease to be natural and of use. We need such a Religion which, constructive and material in its formula, shall yet embody a larger amount of divine life and truth than any other the world ever saw. I cannot but think, as has been remarked, that the true Broad Church of Celestial idiosyncrasy, must ere long strike out, as slowly comes forth the inventor's ideal to find fit embodiment in the outer and so called actual.

And third; we need, as is indeed implied by the foregoing, a *practical* application of principles—a something begun or done, at last, no matter in how small or despised a way, that shall show this movement is not simply theoretic, but a *builder* in its larger aims. I think searching and devout souls—devout to composite Truth as they understand it—feel these three needs, and in the interconsciousness of them full well know that in the due season supply will be. Not to be kept back by cries of fanaticism, diabolism, or extremism, they seek and search for "light, yet more light;" for they have inner assurance of the ampleness and exhaustlessness of this Infinite Unfolding. Has not every army its vanguard? Does neighbor William's electric and chubby child cease to grow, because neighbor Samuel's poor, little wee one, afflicted with the rickets and congenital scrofula, lingers and languishes in the cradle-kingdom?

Is not the Reform spirit launched upon and interspersed into us? Why fear a splendid destiny, fire and flood intervening, nevertheless? Now, I find two methods of Reform are; and this brings me to state, in connection therewith, the outlines of a discourse delivered through and by your correspondent at Boston and elsewhere, and which, as you may know, so frightened weak souls and was mis-estimated and mis-stated by them and certain misdirected individuals there as well as elsewhere. It was upon one of those grave and certainly very interesting questions which are stirring up so many of us and vexing many more throughout the Eastern and Western sections of our Nationality. With a few exceptions the South is wallowed in by her own darkness; Reform is the death of her; so she sets her face against it like a flint. But, as to the question I refer to—the Marriage Question—not a few estimate it as the central one of the times. It but gives faint indications as yet of its momentousness; it is destined, I cannot but think, to grow to large and overhawing proportions throughout the land. We cannot thrust or keep this child in the corner longer. So, as it is a sore subject to very many, a mis-estimate of whatever is searchingly said upon it is the result. Fear and prejudice affect such with mental fever; and no cool, calm, clear or just view, just now can well be expected from the afflicted. Permit me to notice briefly, here what has been said—briefly as to the prominent outline of view—since there has been so much exaggeration of the uttered thought.

I have said that, prominently, there were two methods of Reform; the one is *Conservative* and *practical*; the other *Natural* and *radical*. The first certainly has faith in progress—but waits, does not anticipate and is satisfied with the assurance of the unalterable progressive tendency and destiny of men and things. It does not much believe in *crises* or revolutions, and accepts for calm Wisdom comparative "masterly inactivity." It does not disband its forces, but dredges an active campaign. Quiet and peaceful, it incubates the watchwords, "wait a little longer." Its best and great use, it seems to me, is to serve as a break to the swift march of revolutionizing thought. It seems to be, but is not the wiser—for an ample wisdom knows the necessity, *at times*, of uncompromisingness, shocks and decisive not to say terrible contests—that thereby, in the throes and agony, a new child may be born.

In the absolute sense nothing can be precipitated; every outgoing has its allotted time and use.

Next; the other method is *Natural* and *radical*; that is, it makes the precise, unveiled and uncompromising statement—as things are, as they ought to be, and not as maintained by conventionality. It has no fears, yet lacks not Wisdom, but has the higher Wisdom through breadth and fearlessness of view. It is the child of celestiality, since that is the absolute empire, and comes forth with a resonant voice, a steady and firm tread and a hand of divine force. It seeks to put things forth as they are—and as they are in God and Nature. Now if it be granted, as it must be I think, that man individually or collectively cannot be thrust or pitched into reformed and beautiful conditions, yet is it good and of use to indicate, if possible, what lies ahead and must at last be accepted. It is never too soon to state Truth, though it may be to apply it. The things which are *Natural* and *radical* *may and must become practical*. It is impossible we know, in the very nature of things, for settled harmonies to be rushed upon us, or to burst in like a shooting avalanche, and there are no sudden entrances into any just estate. Hence, all fear of radical Reform should be dried up by the sun-heat of hope. Let us take the full view and do everything short of extremism to actualize it—fearing not. Indeed, it seems to me we *must* now. The pressing and surging life within, the accumulated hopes of peoples, the baptism with the spirit of *individualism*, and the prophetic assurances of the things that are to be—all these vigorously demand no half way or halting declarations, no conventional proviso-ism, but the fearless and thorough *expose* and the fit act to fitly follow after.

What is the natural and radical view of the Marriage Question, let me ask? Is it not? First; that where two are unhappily conjoined they may separate, and ought to, if they think they are arresting the progress of either—State, Church or Society, as these at present are, to the contrary notwithstanding. An abuse of this right brings its own peculiar penalties. Penalties are affixed to abuses like as immortality is conjoined to the soul of man. If man, as a *social being*, has not the right to do as he pleases, he has the right to assert that right which a false, because misdirected and hampering society infringes upon.

Second; the Conjugal Gospel now descending being *Unity in Duality* (or the divine matchhood); variety in *divine use*, angel-indicated, and its criterion of purity *Harmony and Use*—man, male or female, may unite again to their estimated counterparts without an external divorce; for what was not conjoined cannot be really inherently *disjoined*. If the estimate is a mistaken one, let them take the responsibility thereof.—Society must see to it that it does not help stop efforts of divine evolution, nor bar or block the pathway of individual progress.

Third; let any such union be without the offices of present Church and State, priest or magistrate; for marriages are internal and divine, not external conventional or human. I am aware of the various marriages, but I refer to such as come from the interiors. Any others are slow to take advantage of liberty, since the fearful and misdirected are the last to act upon a natural license. Does any one now suppose two are the closer conjoined or made the more one, by any external process? That the elemental and celestial and lasting marriage is the realer because of the words and pronouncements of an ecclesiastical man, or other words of a political man?—Nay; but let such union, or any other if but temporary and upon the plane of variety in divine use, be in the presence of friends (or if you will, without them) where natural pledges give outer attestation to such as are interested in the welfare of the twain of the real union already consummated within them. Who shall dare forbid such bans? It is the age of Individual Sovereignty; and the individualized cannot fear the responsibility which is the badge of freedom.

As to questions of property and children: these can be settled and arranged by the thinking. Those who can't think must take the responsibility and the results. There's a latent corrective judgment of humanity, healthy and just, and it takes a vast deal to fetch it out. Mad extremists of all kinds are hard hit by it, at last. I said that it was the age of Individuality—or of Individuality struggling, let me add, into a union with a pure and naturalized Sociality. Thus, those who seek highest happiness must count the cost of mistake and abide by the issues.

These then are, as I estimate them, the radical presentations. Now they may become practical. Forever, as men grow in sympathy with Nature, more and more does she practicalize herself to them. And let me ask, in stopping at this exceedingly brief annotation of promulgated views on the Marriage Question, why is it that so many selected mediums, especially among the promulgators, both male and female, have separated from their companions? Believe me the hand of spirit is here—the spirit of Truth and Love and not of error and discord. Men and women *must* be aroused to a thorough consideration, for settlement's sake, of the most important subject with which the two can have to do.

L. JUDD PARDEE.

NORTH FARMS, HORSE MOUNTAIN,
Northampton, Oct. 24, 1859.

FRIEND HANNAH: Will you oblige me by permitting me to state to the readers of the Agitator, the following brief account of my experience with Mr. J. V. Mansfield, the truthful, honorable and much abused medium? As it is our duty to expose error and deception, it becomes a sweeter and holier duty still, to give the world our testimony of moral worth; and I feel it to be *my* duty, to inform my Western friends, and the investigators of Spiritualism generally, of the result of my individual experience in that quarter.

On the 9th of last July, from Salem Mass., I sent a sealed letter to Mr. Mansfield. In three days afterward, my letter was returned, with the accompanying answer; signed by the spirit friend I had addressed; giving several satisfactory replies and much consolation. In answer to an enquiry regarding my spirit-father, the following was written: "Your dear father continues to soar from sphere to sphere, as he did from place to place below," and then was sketched rudely, but strikingly characteristic, a figure representing my father, seemingly in the hurry of travel, carrying in one hand a small square box. Now, this roughly drawn figure brought to me overwhelming evidence (if I needed any) of spirit power; it completely identified my father, who was in the habit of invariably carrying his jewel box in that way, always by the handle, as represented in the figure. It is a trivial circumstance seemingly; and was not taken from my mind, for I was not thinking of it; neither was Mr. Mansfield aware of the circumstance, nor have I mentioned it to any one for years. My father was a traveler nearly all his life; and the spirit tells me he roves from sphere to sphere. I regard that communication as a sacred and beautiful message; and I am deeply grateful to Brother Mansfield, for the consolation and satisfaction accorded to me, from the beloved in spirit-life, through his means.

Western friends, give him a cordial reception; he will soon be among you; and God and Spirits only know what his sensitive and honorable soul has endured for Truth's sake. He will carry the Gospel of Immortality to many households, to many hearts, now living without a God.

Bro. Uriah Clark has given some stirring lectures in Northampton, and one in Florence, a prosperous and progressive village two miles from this. There are some earnest Spiritualists in this region, and some enquirers after more substantial bread of life than the churches can give. Will not some of our speakers and mediums, when they go to Boston, Salem, or still nearer, Springfield, come this way, and do this region some good? They will be hospitably entertained, and every effort made to pay them for coming; beyond that they must not expect much; but cannot a little self-sacrifice be entered upon for Truth's sweet sake? I know *you* will come, if you are in the vicinity; I have half promised for you, knowing that you will come if you can.

I am at a farm house four miles from town; the scenery around is delightful, the gorgeous and sober hues of Autumn blend; cold and Indian Summer warmth alternate, yet all is beautiful, viewed by the submissive heart and hopeful soul. The long dreary winter is coming, and I have never seen its glory in the country. Even now, my heart prophetically whispers of spring foliage and the returning song of birds; of May sunshine and June roses, afar, but certain of fulfillment, all. Among the kind friends here, the Agitator is a welcome visitor. God bless you in your efforts for spiritual advancement.

Yours for Truth,

CORA WILBURN.

There are men who can die patiently; but they are nobler yet, who can live with patience.—*St. Augustin.*

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

[Copy Right secured.]

VIOLET.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY H. WILBURN.

CHAPTER IV.

Mother has been very much troubled with her domestics, so she thought she would try to do without, until she could procure such a one as she wanted.

It is now, three or four weeks since we had any servant. It seems good to be without, only mother had to work so much harder; but she says she got along nicely; for Miss. Martin, a good old lady, who lives with us, to do sewing, assisted her in light work, such as washing dishes. We generally wipe them, and sweep between school hours.—Sister Annie has remained at home mornings, to take care of the baby. Mother says that she is just as handy as a woman, and washes and dresses her, as well as *she* can. I told Mary Hart of it, and she said she thought it was beneath any body to work so; that her mother would not let *her*, and if she wanted her to, she wouldn't do it. It doesn't matter to me, or any of us, what any one says about it, so long as it is right. Mother says we could not be healthy without it, and that work is noble; and I know mother knows best. I like work very well indeed; but sometimes I do wrong and run away from it.

Day before yesterday Miss Martin had arranged everything for Carrie and me to wipe the dishes. While she was getting the towels, we ran and hid under mother's bed. She passed our hiding place several times in her search for us; but at last the poor old lady got tired, and gave up the search. I wanted to work on my drawings, but staid so long under the bed, I had barely time to reach school before the second bell had rung. I was unhappy about it all day, and could not rest until I had asked her pardon.

We have our tasks to perform daily. Saturdays we have a double share of work. Each one knows her duty. We take turns for each coming week, in grinding coffee, sifting meal and flour, cleaning silver, and brass, and washing dishes. Grandfather used to call us his little bees; he would say, "That's right, gather your honey while you're young! There's no prettier sight, than little children trying to make themselves useful."

O what will become of me! The good, sound, prosy counsel of my advisers turns into music and ripples off so! yesterday Miss Manton read me a long lecture on the improvement of time; when lo, this morning it comes jumping back again, with a question so deep, I cannot answer. But I'll write it here; and perhaps somebody else can.

LITTLE MINUTE.

Little minute, little minute!
I have tried all day
To lay my hand upon thy heart,
But thou dost flee away.

Little minute, little minute—
Though I chase thee round—
Scarce a glimpse of thy sweet face
Can any where be found.

Prithe tell me why thou glidest
Through my hands so quick
Like a smiling gay coquette
Playing off some trick.

Little nimble footed fairy,
Dancing on life's line,
Tell me does thy tender plumage
Clothe the wing of Time?

Little minute, tell me, tell me,
Why upon my ear
Falls thy footstep's hurried beat?
What's thy mission here?

Art thou noting dawn life's pulses,
All its joy and woe
Sin and grief the pure heart diming—
Or love's kindling glow?

Little minute, tell me whether
Doth thy footsteps bend?
"Know, O mortal! to yon Heaven
With thy soul I tend."

I wonder if any other little girl has such a habit of meddling with what they ought not to, as I have! When their mother's are baking hearts, or making preserves, I should like to know if they stand ready, with knife and spoon in hand, to catch the least drop spilled, or crumbs let fall; hitting her elbows, stepping on her toes, and jumping almost into the oven in order to get a nearer approach, or insight, or to secure the first fragments which fall! If others don't do so, I do; and mother says I'm always round whenever anything is going on, and my eyes and ears are ever open. Aunt Katy gives me a pretty true character. She says there can be nothing of a private nature set in motion, or transacted where I am; for if I don't say much about it, she trusts me for finding it out. Well, as I say, I am ever in the way—can we help what is natural? When my mother is about to turn her cakes out, I almost put my head in her mouth, so eager am I to secure the drops. Many's the one she has broken through my means, from an unlucky hit of the elbow; and then—"Can I have it?" is echoed by several voices; and mine is by no means the lowest and softest.

In the Fall of the year, every body's mother, as well as mine, preserve fruit for the winter. One very lovely day I saw the preparations going on for the doing up of Quinces, and other good things; and "O," thought I, "if it would only rain, so I could stay at home this afternoon—rain ever, and ever so hard—thunder and lightning, I don't care what—wouldn't I then have a nice time? *I know I would,*" I said emphatically to myself.

When I came home to dinner, I thought I would stop into the cook-house, and take a peep at the quinces. Mother was just dipping them into the jars. How could I withstand the temptation?

"Oh dear! I must have just one taste, a very little one;" I said, taking a spoon in my hand.

"Take care, Violet! you'll get burned here! get out of the way Miss Busy-body!" were the words which went in at one ear and out at the other.

"Just one, one drop, mother! I'll be very careful;" said I. So I seated myself in a low old-fashioned flag chair, with my spoon at the side of the jar.

Some one was entering the room at the time, and I turned my head to see; for I can't bear the idea of any one's passing me, without knowing who it is. As I turned hastily I saw one of my sisters on the other side of me. Not noticing my chair, she was tripped forward slightly, and tripped over it, pushing me over, and pulling my right hand, which was carelessly resting on the jar, into the scalding quince.

Oh dear! oh dear! wasn't I burned badly? It didn't seem to me as if I could bear it! How I did cry! Not all the cakes, candies, baby-things and funny stories that were constructed for my relief could quell me. My burns seemed to smart harder and harder every moment; I cried most of the afternoon, and thought I would much rather have gone to school without such a bitter experience.—The taste was not pleasing at all. I don't think, after such a *warm* trial, I should have the courage to walk through a fiery furnace as Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego did.

I am now progressing fast, Miss Manton says.—Yesterday she put me up in the First Class of the Second Division in Arithmetic; she showed my writing book to one of the Committee, who encouraged me very much.

Mary Hart says, she is going next term to an Academy; that it is not considered fashionable to attend *Public* School, and none of the girls who think any thing of themselves, would be seen going. She wished to know why I didn't leave. I told her I was getting along so finely my parents preferred my remaining where I was. She turned from me, with the most scornful expression I ever saw, but what does it matter?

[To be Continued.]

DAYBREAK.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mist make room for me."

It hailed the ship, and cried, " sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward, far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It sang unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farm, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow, the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the church-yard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet in quiet lie."

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DR. W. AND MRS. V.—Apples came safely. Thanks.

MARY W.—Yes, the papers are preserved for you.

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MRS. M. P. H.—It will be all the same when you want the Banner.

A. EVANS—Thanks for the good word and deed.

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